



General, can't Nick work for the Air Force in a nonviolent capacity?

Yeah, sure, that works.

Can't Nick work for this restaurant in a non-food capacity?

The military isn't all about killing, Nick.

There's lots of things you can learn. Discipline. courage. self-reliance...

Dressing like a sexual deviant...

I don't say this often, but can we not talk about my clothes for a second?



!!



MR.
PRESIDENT!
JOHN WILKES
BOOTH IS
BEHIND YOU!









This is fruity Cool Whip.
You sock-tuckers
ganked my human body,
and now you wanna take
my real body too.

Wait.
What
did you
say?

Ooh! Ooh!
Nick, do you
think of the
"Sock- aircraft as
tucker" your "real"
is— body? Is
this you?

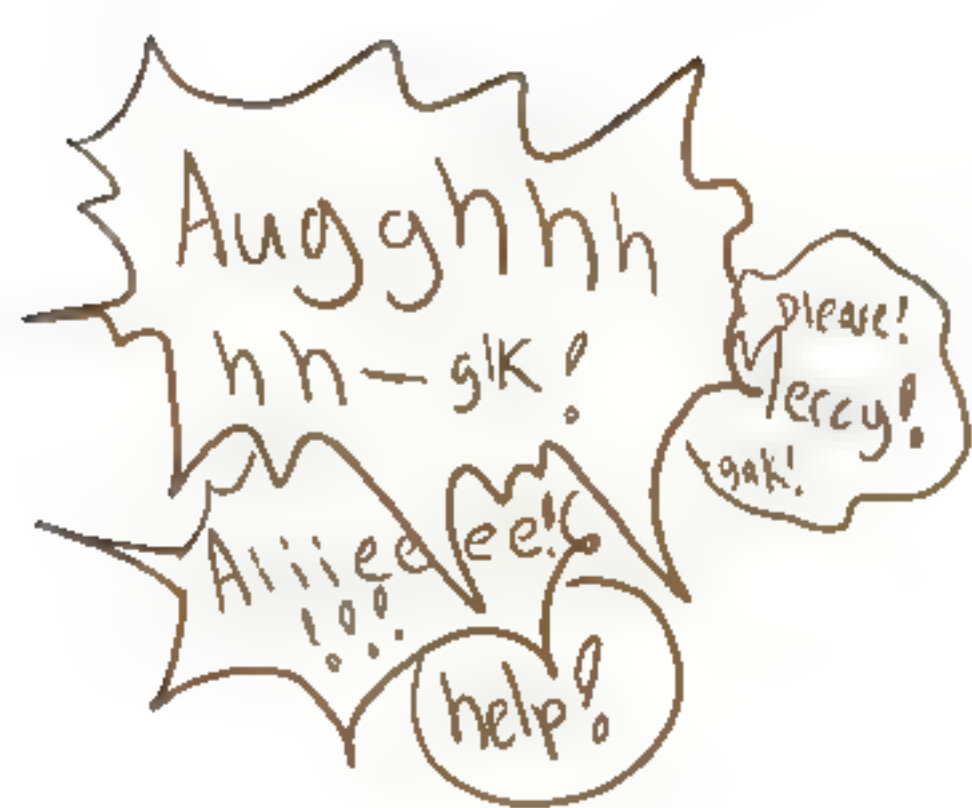
What does
that
have
to—
Shh. Nick?
What about
your old body?
Don't you
want it back?

Dude,
you
seen
that
thing?

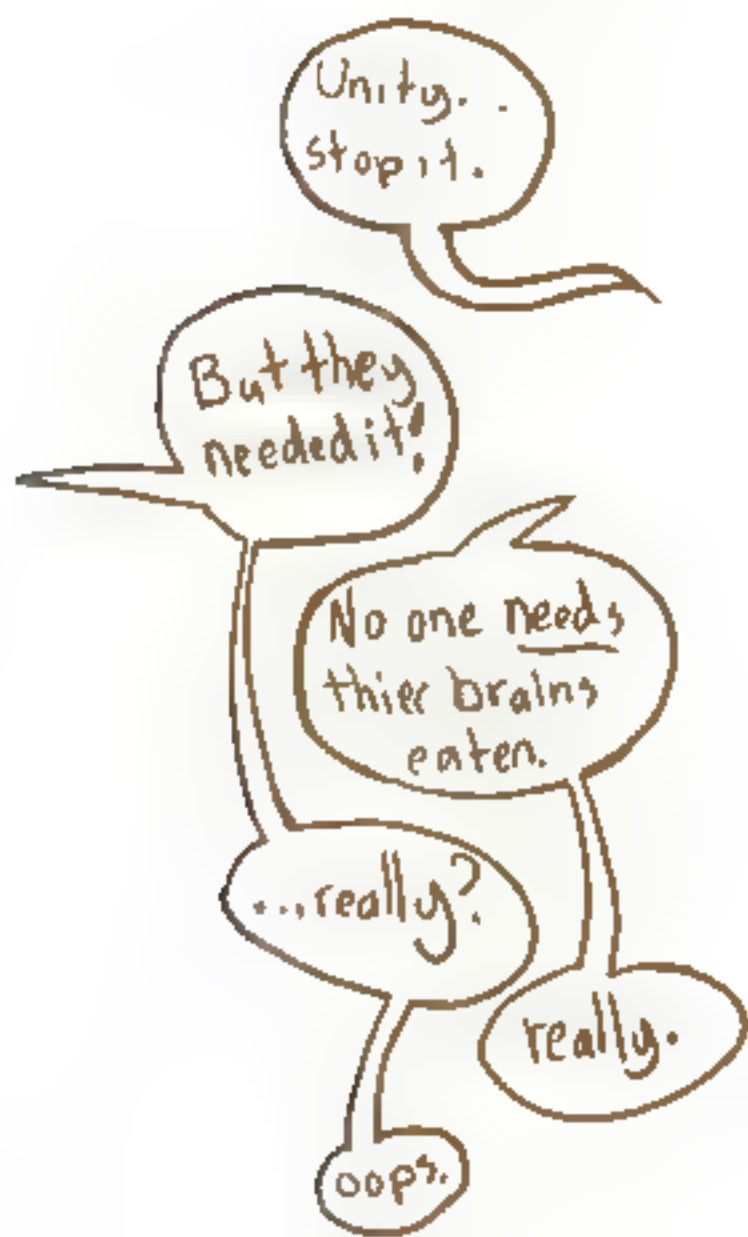
Tip, what're
you doing?

Saving
the client's
titanium ash.





Sweetheart
(and Unity)
is Skint! or is?





We already
determined
Nick isn't
your client.
He's human.

No he's not!
If he identifies
as nonhuman,
by SH regs he
is nonhuman!



You can't
become a
robot just
by **declaring**
yourself
one.

It doesn't
matter what
you think
about it!
All that
matters is...



...IT'S
**WRITTEN
DOWN
SOMEWHERE!**



So logic
bows
to
paperwork.

Of course! We're
the government!

Oh boy!
I know **just**
the forms
to order!



If Nick self-identifies as nonhuman, he's eligible for SH protection! We can help him!

By sneakily exploiting some legal loophole?



Welcome to the civil service.

Hey, fax you. Ain't nothing sneaky about this.



I'm not human anymore. I don't ~~want~~ be human. Why should I get labeled human, anyway?



Well, this ~~does~~ mean extra forms to fill out.



Fork.

Again, welcome to the civil service.





A
copter?
Yeah, it...
it feels
right.



Dude, let's
face it —
as a human,
I was a
total
catsitter.



Effin'
A.



I kinda
wanna know.

No you
don't.



Give it up. You're a squad of four against an entire base of trained soldiers.

...with pensions?



What does that - finesse interference with federal mandate into felony charges.



And your benefits office might have something to say about felons committed on-base.



You're evil. I know, but I **try** to use it for good.







This was the vision in
my mind, long ago: the
beautiful nightmare.
Now it looks up at me
with leaden eyes.



She is a poem of
perfect violence.
She is my shining
Enyo, my radiant
Bellona.



HOLY ~~WAAH~~
MOTHER
OF--



Yeah, I remember
the first time **I**
saw Unity do
that intervention.



I'm getting
a soda.
Anybody
else want
a soda?





Break it off!
Break off the
attack!

Absurphts.

Fine! Take the damn
helicopter! I'll tell my
superiors it was
confiscated by Black
Ops Social Services!

Oh, hey,
that's us!

They'll report to **their**
shadowy superiors, you'll
report to **your** shadowy
superiors, and somehow
this will all work out.

Lord,
how I
miss
plain
old
war.

Sweetheart!
Do we have
shadowy superiors?

She prefers
"fetchingly
enigmatic."







Unity... I just want you to know I'm glad you're with Skin Horse.

This isn't some kind of hug setup, is it?



Um. Not if you don't want to.

I'm still gonna kill you y'know. I ain't forgetting all the junk A-Sig did to me.



The experiments... the extreme paramilitary training... and, worst of all, the **images** you forced me to absorb...



I swear, Unity, I had no idea the Purple Smurf episode was on that video!

They bit Papa on the tail!



Unity, listen. Nick has an override. That was part of the purpose of the Homunculus: to make him controllable. Remove his will.



Why didn't you use it when they were gonna kill him? I decided there are things worse than death. Was I wrong?



Dude, there's tons of stuff worse than death. Remember the He-Man Christmas special? The thing is, I don't know how to disable the override code. So be careful.



So what tasty breakfast pastry can't I order when I take him through the drive-thru? I'm sorry! I get hungry on those all-nighters!



You seriously cool with being a copier, like, forever?



Pink yeah.
It's sweet.

Yeah, it's
so hot in
the craft.

Yeah, but
isn't there
anything
about human
life you're
gonna
miss?



Ugh...I can't
wait to get
back to
barracks
for a long
shower
with...



What?

Nothing I was
ever gonna
get a chance
to **do**.



You're smart
for a sweary
helicopter.
I like that.



Erm. Yes.



I'm not
hot...



Well, in VR
you're a
screamy
nerd, and in
real life you're
a bottle
coping
that can
fly.



That's what
the beardy
guy kept
trying to
tell you.



Hechen 2008

Tip...thanks.
I have to
admit you
saved
the day.

And I'm
sorry for
losing it
at you.



No, I
deserved it.
I'm just glad we
could reach an
understanding.



It proves that
two scientists,
whatever their
differences,
can find common
ground in -



Want to
have sex
in the
AV room
before
I go?

Yes,
that sounds
good.

I'll keep
my hat
on.







Where are we going to put Nick?

I'm good as long as there's plucking wifi.

On Annex One, I guess.



What, on the roof?

I don't see why not. It's a flat surface, and no one else is using it.



Finally, we've finished our 1/35 scale model of the battle for Hogwarts on the roof of Annex One!

The Def I is so bare.

What's that sound?



Those guys ruin everything, don't they?

Get the Sorting Hat!



This is a career - and possibly species - ending embarrassment.

Well, why did you contact Skin Horse in the first place?

GENERAL
UNNA SAL

What do you mean? I followed your organization's advice.

Someone at Anasgora told you to do that?

Codename Goldbug. I thought he was one of your superiors.

General, I've never heard that name. I think we had an intelligence failure.

No, that's what will happen when I get deployed at the next performance review.

Yes, well, I still have to explain to Mr. Green about the box springs.

This is Gavoille at FED-17.
I seem to be in possession
of a rather uncouth
flying machine, and I
imagine it's your doing.



...no, I ~~don't~~ believe
a thank-you note is
in order. I'm ~~quite~~
familiar with the sort
of gifts you give,
you great humbug.



Poppcock. Of course
he'll prove useful.
But don't think I don't
know who will get the
most out of him.



...well, I wouldn't have
called if it weren't
important. Have you any
idea how long it will
take me to hang up
this phone?





creeeep...



rrr!



creeeep...



Stop doing that!

I'm a nasty old
scavenger and I've
come to steal
your cobbler...



We've been over this.
Tweaking my wild instincts
by threatening my
TV dinner is playing
with fire.



And what do we
know about fire?

Fire...**bad**?

Right.



Remember, there's
a beast inside me.
And heaven help us
if you let it out.



Eh, I bet
the curtains
will be
safe.

Don't you
dare
touch those!
It took forever
to match the rug!



Life isn't sunshine and roses, you know. I used to have to fight for every scrap.



After our creator passed, the pack was in chaos. The best food went to those who could take it and keep it.



I mean, geez, sometimes the really soggy French fries were the only ones left!



Canada is ~~so~~ scary. Without sausage gravy, I'd be ~~dead~~ by now.





creeeep...



UNITY, WERE WE
OR WERE WE
NOT JUST
TALKING
ABOUT—



Oh.



Unity, your
arm's doing
that thing
again.

The obedient
trainer chick
won't call us
back.





"Chain me tight, Sorabinda!" said Prince Upset of the Lycan Goblin Clan, "For moonrise comes." Sorabinda fingered the silver key —

Argh!



The Hot Goblin Brotherhood series was about **hot goblins!** Now there's vampire goblins and werewolf goblins and it's just a mess!



It's an insult to the fans! Giving us this trash instead of the quality we —

Okay, never m —

DON'T STOP READING!



For she knew that when the Change came, his inner wolf would savage... Awful. Just awful. Is there anything about penis bones?





Madam, this flying-contraption is a White Elephant indeed. We can scarce afford his fuel, much less his demands for "War-Craft access."



Yes, yes. Be a dear and budget him under "Furniture."



Is that quite cricket?

He'd hardly be the first.

Madam! I may be bolted to this desk, but there's no call to file me as -



Oh, not you, dear Maastachio. The **problem** staff.



Gavotte, I need an advance 'til Friday. Can I be a table again?





The field team will
be visiting our
northernmost state.

Ew Canada?

Hey!

Your destination
is the village of
Paradise, Alaska,
on the rim of the
Yukon Charley
Rivers Preserve.

Geez...like
we aren't
cold enough
here in
DC

Oh,
please, Ms.
Factory-
Installed
Parka.

Winter
weather
gives me
"snow
nose"

Is that why
my Lush lip
glosses all have
little depressions
in them?

Now, when you say the field team, who do you mean?

A very good question, Sweetheart.

In your opinion, how has Dr. Wilkin conducted himself?

Well... I had my doubts his first time out...

...but he was really useful at Groom Lake. As field commander, I'm happy to recommend him!

Very good to hear.

Because I'm putting him in charge.

Wait. What?

Take it back! Tell her he ate all our travel jerky!





Sweetheart, I understand.
I'm sorry about this.
It's Gavotte's decision.



I promise I'll do my
very best to run
the mission
smoothly.

You'd
better.



Because if you make
the slightest misstep,
I will tear out your
throat and retake my
rightful place in the
pack.



Gavotte...
I don't wanna
be an
alpha male.

It builds
character.
Go pack.







Alaska!
Bah!

At least
we'll
travel
in style.

We've got a black
helicopter! You know
what that makes us?
An officially intimidating
secret organization!

Oh fudge
no, dude.
Don't you ~~know~~
find me in
the Alps.

Take that!
I'm invading
the planet
Mibundengile!

I'll tell
you what
it makes
us.

And quit looking
at our cards!

I am
not!

Nick,
we know you
got like
seven eyes.



HOW TO CROSSDRESS

By Tip



CHOKERS, NECKLACES AND SCARVES ARE GREAT FOR CONCEALING THE ADAM'S APPLE.



SHAVE CAREFULLY! A FEW MISSED HAIRS DON'T LOOK NEARLY AS BAD AS A BANDAGE.



CHOOSE DRESSES FOR A TIGHT FIT AT THE WAIST, AS MUCH AS YOUR SHOULDERS WILL ALLOW. PADDING ONLY WORKS ON THE CHEST.



IF YOU STUFF YOUR BRA, YOU DON'T NEED POCKETS.

Tip



All right, team. We've got a sketchy report on a group of nonhuman sapients from a now-AWOL squad of National Guardsmen.



Unusual magnetospheric activity has disrupted local satellite communications. Nick, if you'd play the tape?



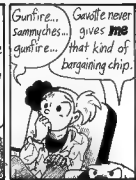
SSSHHknik SSSH
-OLVES! OR DOGS OR-
SSSHHknik SSSH
-ross the border. May-
SSSH-OD, ON GOD THE
TEETH! THE CLA-klik!



Um, that used to be clearer, but there's Frito crumbs in our speaker ports... Oh, these guys sound fun!







I swear, if you hurt those
dogs without cause, I
will shut
you down.

Oh, you
wouldn't.

Okay! Good
sharing,
people!

Sweetheart, rest
assured, we'll try
to handle this
peacefully.

Yeah,
okay.

Also, as per usual,
we're providing
Unity with trang
ordnance only.

High-explosive squash
head uranium-core
trang ordnance?

No.

It never is.



Okay, preeps.
Touchdown
in fifteen.

I'm gettin' like no
sat-com out here,
and there's a big-
ice weather front
moving in.



What I'm sayin' is,
we could be facing
both physical and
digital whiteout
conditions.

That's a
serious
concern.



Swell yeah. How the
frog am I supposed to
update my LiveJournal?

Aw, poor
little nerd
guy.





'Nonsense, you look fabulous.'

Nick, I'm not sure
you should be
"blogging" our
covert ops.

Yeah,
I see
your
point.



Cuz a dude's LJ where
he says he's a helicopter
chilling with a zombie and
a she-male and a talking
dog is **totally** gonna get
taken serious.



I'm
not
a-

Next Reuters
is gonna send
their crack
Harry Potter
investigation squad
to look into those
wizard
hat
hangings.



Okay,
okay-

Magic
talking dogs:
**THE WORLD
MUST KNOW.**







Hello there.
And what's
your name?

Lucy!

How many times have
I told you not to
talk to weirdly-
dressed strangers?

I like
pudding!

Come on home
and don't **scare**
Mommy like that!

No, this is
just off-
the-rack
Benetton!

Way to
make
contact,
boss.



Um, hello.
Do you take
credit cards?

Usually,
sure.



But everything in the
damn world's down
'cause of the auroras.
Sunspots,
they're
sayin'.

Oh.
Okay,
um...



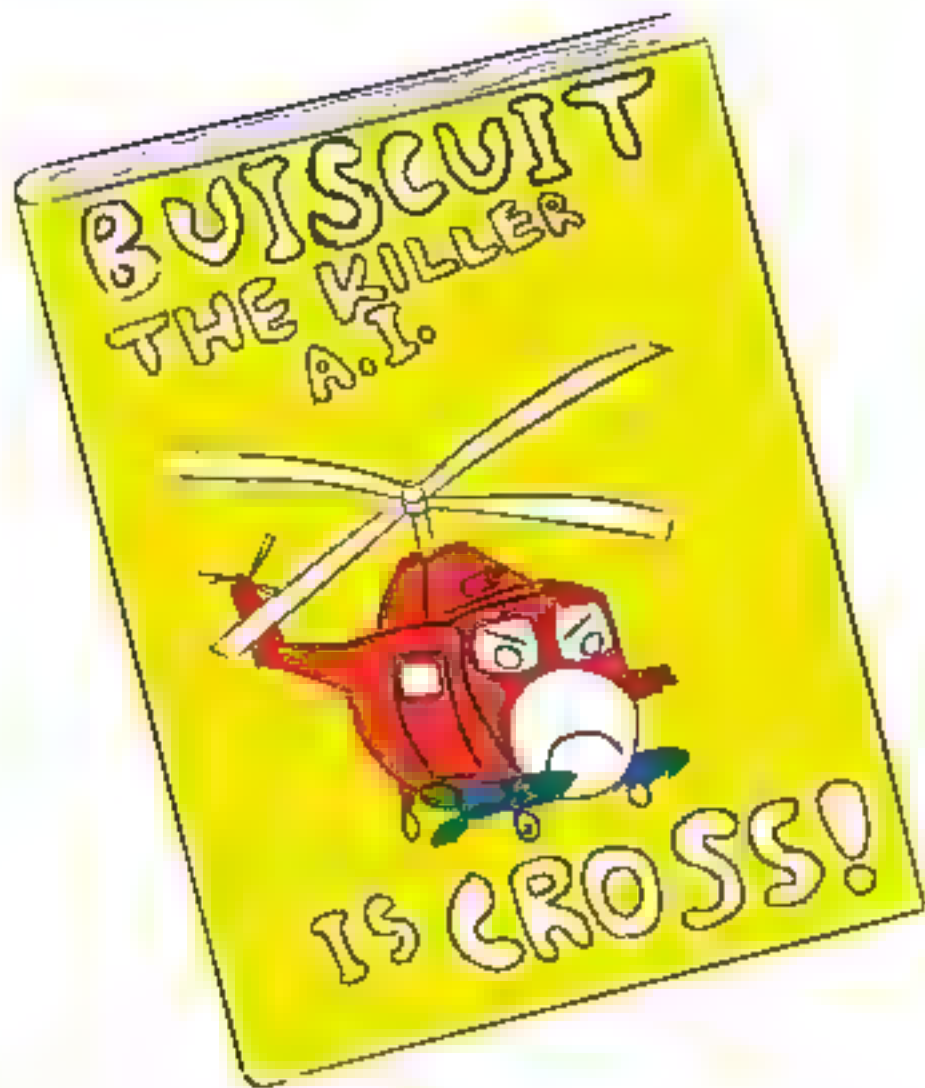
What can I get for
thirty-eight cents
and a spare
Vuitton button?



Contempt.

Easy on
him, Lina.
He's clearly
got issues.





The "Buiscuit" picturebooks were created as a trial run of Anasigma's propaganda-writing software, Orator 3.06. Orator's output veered erratically between "Subversive" and "D.sturbs even us", and the software was abandoned after "Biscuit is Naughty with Biobombs" (book four).



So you're from the team the Feds were sending up? I was warned you guys would be...atypical.



Ah. Yes. As field commander, I should warn you that our office is considered a little eccentric.



I mean, I imagine up here you have "guys from names for... the lower feminine men."



Sure. We call 'em "guys from the lower forty-eight."

I coordinate much better than most, though. Hell, with the Democrats in power, I figured you'd all be in tutus.





















Hey, good work not being
terrified by my grim
undead
visage
and
stuff!

'Sokey. I've
worked with
Black Ops
before.



And as the undead go,
Agent Unity, you're
more **cute**
than
terrifying.

Okay,
enough!



Before we get off track,
my team wants to get a
few things straight.

Yeah!

Thank
you,
Unity.



I'm **totally**
terrifying!
See?
Rarr!

That is so
precious.









Nobody's going
anywhere until
I get some
answers.

Where's Private Hood?
Who made that
distress call?

What's with the weird
smells around here?
Why's the National
Guard bivouacking
in the best hotel
in town?

And what
happened to
my stern but
accessible aura
of command?

Shoo!
Go find
your
owners!





I don't need this jazz.
The sergeant here is
gonna show me the
way to food.



You wanna sit in
a snowstorm, go
for it.

Gladly!



I was born and bred
in these latitudes!
Every inch of me is
engineered to shrug
off the worst Nature
can throw at me!



Geez, I hate getting
ice between
my piddies.





1



Madam, this frying
contraption is a White
Elephant indeed. We
can scarce afford his
fuel, ~~and~~ must less
his requests for
'War-Craft' access."



Yes, yes.
Be a dear & padget
him under 'Furniture.'"

Is that quite
cricket? ~~and~~



Oh, not you.
dear Monsieur O.
The problem staff.



Gavotte, I need
an advance t.l.
Friday Can
I be a
table
again?



I hope so. He's
hardly the first."



Madam
I may be bolted
to this desk but
there's no call to
file me as an
inanimate —



I can't believe it.
I've been tossed
aside.

How did
this happen?
It's like...
like...

Like some spooky
stocks parked you
in a field and
abandoned you?

Oh, hi, Nick. Yeah,
Forgot you
were out
here. it
happens.

Shingle, it's Sad Dog
in the Snow. Hey
Snow Dog,
where's
By-tor?

Habnabbing
with hot
soldiers.

Huh.

Well, none your eft.
This storm's not
letting up, and I ain't
openin' doors for
folks all night.

You...
want
me
around?

No. But I keep
losin' wifi, so
what the flock
else am I
gonna do?

Such a
charmer.

Ew,
wet dog.
Dont shake
next to my
Magic cards.

Kinda
drafty
in here.

Can't pressurize
a square
airframe, duh.



But I got the
heaters on, and there's
an auxiliary heating
system in the back
by the pylons.



All I see
back here.

Yeah, by
"auxiliary
heating system"
I mean "half-
fridge."
empty bottle of
Kirschwasser."



Oh, thank
God,
booze.

I tell you,
Marcie can
really put it
away at
D&D.



This is sad, but I think this is the nicest anybody's been to me today.



Aint nothing like spending a cold night with a warm dog inside you.



Oh forensics I did not mean for that to come out weird.



All your filthy secrets are safe with me.





I don't say this lightly,
but... that was amazing.
You're an **animal**.

Mm.

And the woods,
and the snow,
and - everything!

Cider?

This place could
really grow on
a guy.

When you're rested up,
I can show you some
inappropriate uses
for my police
restraints.

Now you're
spoiling
me.





Shaenon, I'm not sure how I feel about this scene.

What? It's the best way to do exposition!



But... the hand-cuffs... and the male nudity... I am the greatest genius since the guy who invented body-painting swimsuits on naked models as a career!



It's crude pondering! In the interest of decency, I insist—

Let me have this, and later I'll draw Sweetheart in cute little goggles.



Where were we?

Oh, something about the dogsled race, probably.



Is it okay for me to
keep you from your
team this
long, Tip?

Hm?

Not that I'm
complaining, but
shouldn't you be
lending your particular
skills to the op...
the...

-ah-

I
~~am~~.

Okay, no
argument
here.

Sad fact is, Paradise
lives and dies on tourists.
That's why we're doing
the Yukon Quest,
despite... recent
events.



Mhm... don't
think I haven't
noticed those
ominous
pauses...



Trust me,
I've got
everything
under
control.

Including
you.



Is this
how you
typically
keep the
peace?

Well, you've
been
awfully
disorderly.



Whew, yeah.
Can you give
me a couple
minutes' parole
here?







An' ~~then~~ she's all,
"You snidout inna cold
while I go have supper
with hot guys."



Man.
That is total
speech
bits.

Kisses me off,
pulin' that
box trap
on a
dog.



Yeah!
M' man's
freakin'
bes' friend,
eh?

Somebody needs to have
a serious convo
with Miss
Posthumous.



I'm onnit.
Open this door.

That's,
um, not
a door.
That's—



In future,
do not offer
schrapps
to dog.

MY WIFE!
HAHAHA
HAHA...

Hello? Killer
snowstorm?
For serious,
you can't
leave.

Dangit,
that woman
needs some of
my delicious
berating!



Yeah, you've hopped
the angry drunk
idiot drunk line.
I ~~ain't~~ opening
up this-



Stupid giant orange
safety lever.

For
justice!



Using her mystical canine sense of direction, the lone dog navigates the several hundred meters between her and civilization.

Certainly no human or stupid zombie woman could manage this feat in such grueling conditions without harm-



The lone dog pauses to head-butt a spruce. Who can say why? The ways of Nature are mysterious.

W-woozy and h-heavily
intoxicated, the lone dog,
now lost, decides -



There you frigger' are!
You're dang lucky
I could smell your
tasty flesh.



Cuz I thought, "Wow,
is Sweetheart really
gonna freeze to death
just to show us?"
And then I was like,



You ~~are~~
my
friend!



Yeah, and the
other thing I
could smell
was booze.





Okay lissen. You go on an' take a break, have fun with yer new friends.



Tomorrow, we are both up bright and early, see if we can't find our clients, eh?



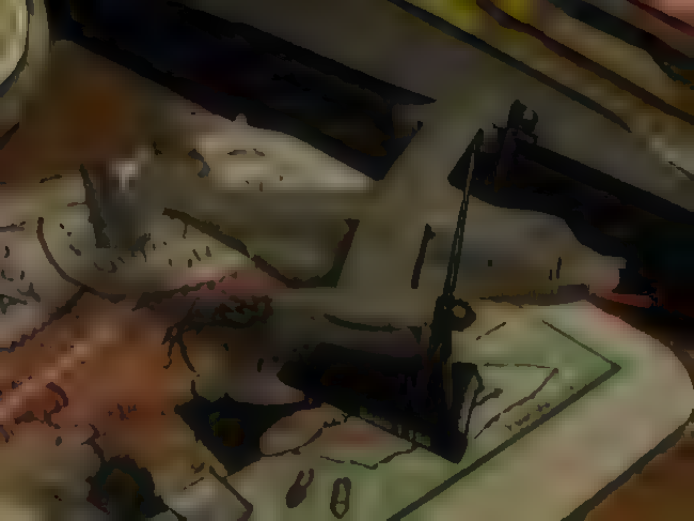
Yes, ma'am, mas acting commander, ma'am.



Good. Let's get back to the hotel and kip down.

Nothin' else dumb enough to be out in this weather anyway.





Wait.
Whassat
smell?

Huh?

Smell sumthin ~~real~~
Not jes' scent-
marks this time.
Mebbe clients.

Ya
think
so,
huh?

Don' know
where they are,
but they're
out there
somewhere...

Les' check it
out tomorrow.
The nose
doesn't lie.

**Y'HEAR
THAT?
WE'LL FIND YOU
TOMORROW!**

yip!







Okay,
the
beck?

Dunno.
But it looks
like that thing
may have
attacked some
townspeople.



We'd better
go tell
your new
friends.

Dang it!
Man-eating
clients, and
me unable
to butt-kick.



Yeah, thanks for not
protecting me or
anything back there.

Sammyches!

An.

Sergeant Willoughby!
I don't want a panic,
but there's a really
big wolf out there,
and it may be a
man-eater.



You mobilize your men.
I'll try to contact the
police chief and
my C.O.



Meet here in ten.
Judging by the scent
here, it hasn't
gone far.



It's good
to have
you back,
boss.

Honestly!
I'm the only
one who
notices
anything!













Okay, **freeze!**
Everyone stay right
where you are until I
assess the situation!



...What,
Unity?

Dude! It's just
protocol.
Since when
are you
cool? There's nothing
"cool" about
gun violence.



Um, no.
There's
everything
cool about
gun
violence. I can
handle a
firearm.
I served in
Afghanistan,
you know.



It's just
kinda
easy to
forget.
And I had
to do it
backwards
in heels!



Damn. Healing up already. They won't be down long.



On the plus side, this means I didn't just **kill** six civilians.



Wh-
wh-

Sorry, I've been rude. Unity? Sweetheart? I'd like you to meet Alice. Alice is a .38 Colt Commando



service revolver. A classic.

What ~~are~~ you?

I'm a psychologist.









Well, ain't this turning
out to be a knockabout
of pure fun.



Internet's porked,
phone's porked,
flying's outta the
flimsy question, and
I lost the dog.



Tip!
They're
revving!



There's more
coming in
the back!

Yipe!

I am basically in the
worst darling
sitch anyone could
possibly be in.

















Sweetheart?

Yeah, this is—

Captain's Fancy
Winter time
Snugglebuddy.
Pleasure

Back for another
go at alpha?

Please, Buddy,
no pack politics.

Nah, no
worries.

So who's our
prodigal brought
home w— oh
holy ~~goat~~.
This—this is bad.

Yeah, let's a
folks react
like that,
but it's
just Tip.

I'll have
you know,
when I started
out this
morning, my
bar was ~~perfect~~.

We got
a bite,
sir?

Yeah
We got
a bite.



Dude, chill.
I can field-
stitch that
one-handed.
Luckily.

It's more
serious
than that,
little undead
missy.



Sweetheart, your
folks need to
accompany us back
to the Diggings.
Now.



But we
can't leave
our folks
helicopter
friend.

She's
delirious.

No, our
life's
really like
that.



Mind telling
us what the
emergency
is,
Buddy?

No time.
Gotta get
back to the
pack first.

By now
you
could
have
just told
us!

Well, not to
pull rank,
but I'm alpha
these days,
and I'll
decide when
to share intel.

I mean like how Tip
got bitten by a
werewolf and now
he's infected with
werewolf and he's
gonna turn into a
werewolf?

Yeah,
but can
you act
surprised
later?

Don't worry.
She's already
forgotten.

Hey, look!
Birdies!





THAT'S THE
LAST TIME WE
LET TIP BE IN
CHARGE.

RRRF





Sweetheart,
these dogs
are—

My
people.
Yeah.

Captain Brant's lab
connected to a big
network of old mining
tunnels. One must
open out near
Paradise

Well, they
seem like
nice
folks..

Trust me,
they're a
nightmare.

I meant
compared
to the
killer
werewolf
pack.

So
did I.

Guys!
Close your
eyes and
guess what I
rolled in!























Unfortunately, the serum is stockpiled in one of the sealed portions of the lab.



Now it's trapped behind a devilish security system. We accidentally tripped it last time we left.



So far, it's resisted the efforts of our best minds to bypass its impenetrable-



Doorknob.

Ooo...

He can also do can openers!





Hey

Are you five?

1a 09

Do you ever go ice fishing? I'm not
 opened to talk to strangers I
 know Uncle Fred, he goes ice fishing, that's
 why I got my hat.

My r p's name is Hypsilephodon that's my favorite
 dinosaur it comes from Al. las ka "breathe"
 He caught a fish once. I gave my pin a 117 pde
 and he caught a fish you come with us, I'll be p you.
 I'm a good ice fisher-man.
 Hey um did you know I'm five? How many are you? Really?



I swear they
went this way,
Nick, but I
don't see
'em...

Aff. Like
you haven't
can see for
sugar. Leave
it to me.



I got more sensory
gear than flaming
Skynet. I see in heat,
chemical sigs, I can see
through solid...**HEY!**
Aight! Got it!

You found
their trail?



I got my wifi back!
Time to finish that
flamewar over on
the Coll boards!



Looking
for foot-
prints.
looking
for foot-
prints...

Misson Architect
custom content
my arm,
dormitories.
Like I got nothin'
better to do than
beta your
weekly
stitch.



Boss!
Take us
down!



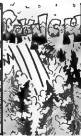
MISS
LUCY HAD
A BABY,
SHE NAMED
HIM TIM
TIM-



I'm a good
motivator!

Pike!

I can't hold steady!
Assume crash position!



Um, "crash position"
ain't "face pressed
eagerly against the
windshield," ambe-cha.



That was
better'n
riding in the
cement
mixer.



Whoa.
What it
is.

Yeah, I grew
up in these
tunnels.



Captain Bram dug
out this man warren
with his own hands.
Let's memories here.



I... well... I always
wanted to show this
to you someday.
I just wanted it to
be under better
circumstances...



It's a big hole full of
shiny stuff and all the
vending machines have
sugar
Coke!

Do you
~~ever~~ angst?





Skin Horse

• Volume One •



By Sharon K. Giddin
Quilting Walls

If you dug this place so much, why'd you leave?

Oh, you know how it is with these small-town dogpacks.



Sooner or later you get tired of the endless conversations about fleas and rabbits. you start dreaming of more.



That's why I high-tailed it south, to the land of opportunity, where a dog can stand on her own four feet!



Got your butt kicked all the way over the border, huh?

It was a bid for pack dominance! Sparkle fights dirty!



Well, look
who's back!

Muffin!

Muffin's the oldest
member of the pack.
Last of Captain Bram's
first genetically-
enhanced litter.

Indeed!

I've continued his work,
but just organizing
and publishing his
extant research will
advance biochemistry
by **decades!**

Wait... the
Captain made
this guy, ~~then~~
he made
Buddy?

Sometimes
we think
Buddy is just
a stray he
picked up.

As Bram
said, we
only
collect and
use...

I'm Captain's Fancy
Wildberry Muffintop,
the Diggings' CMO.

Welcome to
Observation.

Muffin
and I go
way back.



Pleasantries later.
We're dealing with a
serious pathogen.
I have to look for
evidence of even
minute exposure.



Yeah, um so does
this werewolf paw
I sewed onto the
bleeding stump of my
arm count
as 'exposure'
at all?



Your dead
friend has
a strange
sense of
humor.

No, she's
serious.

Cuz it was
~~so~~ worth it!
Look, Dr. Bob,
gimme four!



I don't understand this.

What we're looking at, Sweetheart, is something rather remarkable.



Despite massive contamination, the virus seems to have had no effect on your necrotic friend.



That's right! Even my blood will kick your ass!



If you call that vile stuff **blood**! One expects to see the pathogen waving tiny white flags...



No, I mean I don't understand why we needed goggles to look in a microscope.



Oh That's... complicated.



So that bite was infected?

That, and I probably shouldn't have had sex with a werewolf.



And the serum's not taking?

Muffin isn't hopeful. If it didn't work, we'll find out soon enough.



It's the **not knowing** that hurts most of all...



And the 14 times it took Muffin to get the injection right.

Oh, **you** try to operate a syringe without thumbs.



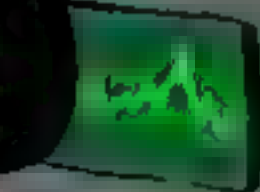


A cartoon illustration set in a control room. On the left, a female wolf with blonde hair, wearing a green dress and white boots, points at a large yellow panel with red buttons. In the center, a tan dog with large ears and a white shirt with a blue striped tie holds a camera, looking at Snoopy. On the right, Snoopy, wearing his signature orange overalls, looks up at the tan dog. The background features a grey control panel with several circular gauges and a small green screen. The artist's signature 'Geebo 2009' is in the bottom right corner.

OK, HOW MANY
COPYRIGHTS ARE WE
VIOLATING HERE?

WELL, LOOKIE
WHO'S HERE! TRAMP LOOKS
LIKE A LADY!

SHUT
UP HE'S
BITCHIN'



Geebo 2009

I'd like you both to know
it's been an honor
serving
with you.

Oh, for
Pete's sake.

We don't even know if
you're going to welf out.
I can't deal with the
we-it-me
crud
now.

You're right,
you're right.

But I am a potential
threat. For safety, I
should
be
locked
up.

Well, the pack
agrees. Chen
Muffin has a
room ready...

Because otherwise I'm due
for a short but poignant
farewell
chat with
Alice.

See, this is
what I'm
talking about!

Cmon, dude. Is it **really** all that bad?



Turning into a monster? Yeah, I'd say it kind of is.

Yeah, well, Sweetheart's basically a wolf. When you draw queen over how much it sucks, you're



dissing her.

Unity, it's not just the physical change! I don't want to be a mindless, ravenous killing machine!



See, now you're dissing **me**.



And, yes, I **just** shaved my arms.



All right. Muffin says
this room is secure.
When night falls, we'll
know if I've been infected.



Until then, no matter
how much I plead,
no matter what I
may say, **DO NOT
OPEN THIS DOOR.**



SLAM



Wait.
There's no
bathroom
in here.



NICE TRY,
MONSTER!



You know, I can't believe you thought ~~we~~ we were the ones eating people.

Panel 1



Oh, you know what thoughts? how it is... We're your grim thoughts people, you went through family! You know us!



Guy's, you think I could have a cell without quite so many spiders-



Sorry, do you ~~want~~ us to chew off your face?

Yeah, If your monkey those has a problem, thoughts, he can stop smelling like bacon.





Sparkle! Muffin!
I got bitten too!
I forgot all about it!

You said the
virus was safe
to dogs!
How long do
I have?

Ah...
well...

Don't
worry.
You're
already
inoculated.

Oh! Well!
That's
all—

Wait.
No.
What?

What did I want you
about providing
exposition?

Not all issues
can be resolved
with dogfights,
Sparkle.









Why don't you take a nap, Sweetheart? Things'll look better come nightfall.



Unless nightfall means mercy-killing a bestial Dr. Wilkin, which I admit will throw a dagger...

Cap'n wasn't supposed to hurt them!



My friends! Then? He hurt my **friends!**



The initial plan was to hurt **everyone,** Sweetheart.

I only got **love** electrocutions!





Sweetheart!
I came up with
a new plan!
Violence!



Me an' Buddy are gonna
go back to Paradise this
afternoon while everyone's
pink and hairless and
kick their -



What.
The hell.
Is that
I'll thank you
not to speak
of my core
mother that way.



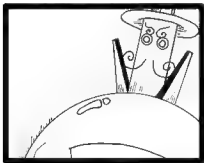


"With that in mind, let's take a look at Customer Service Done the right way... and done the **WRONG** WAY"



"Squeak squeak frikkin' squeak."

"My apologies, my Good Ting Little Men, but I cannot understand you."



"An clerk I sent in the native tongue of the Gungu-Pig will be at this office Tuesday next. Until then, as your problem is doubtless Unimportant, shoo!"



"Okay, STOP Did you see what happened here?"

"I see me losing my friggin' lunch hour on this piece of "

"Thanks a bunch, Aloysius. Can we all give Aloysius a big hand? Now let's see the same scene done **RIGHT**..."





Peach! Apple! Apricot!
Accompany Buddy
and the dead girl
back to Paradise!



Buddy and
I don't need
a posse to
round up
humans.



In case you
haven't noticed,
the virus affects
victims' brains.
They may be
dangerous
even in
human
form.

They were
c'mon
yesterday.
Like, weird
chill.



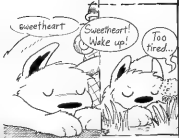
They weren't
themselves.
The virus
makes you think
really **bad** ideas
are really
good
ideas.

Is that
why the
sergeant
was hitting
on Unity?



Shot up, Tip!
Wow, he's
getting
sarcastic
in there.





Can't beat this.
My two best dogs
and a chain of salami
on a sunny hillside.



A sunny hillside
with **an excellent**
view of my
coming
onset

I would
invade
Alaska
now!



Patience, Sweetheart.
I'm sure the Captain
has a plan.

Right. First we
need one metric
ton of poppyseed
bagels and TNT...



Is this the
actual plan, sir,
or are you
just hungry
for bagels?

We'll cross
that bridge
when I get
my bagels,
Muffin.

Yay!
Bagels!



Don't worry, friends
Conquest will begin
soon enough.



Alaska will be first
to fall. From there, I'll
teach those Yankoes
to laugh at me.



YOU HEAR ME,
AMERICAN KENNEL
CLUB? YOU **WILL**
RECOGNIZE THE
GENETICALLY-ENGINEERED
SUPER BATTLE DOG
AS A REGISTRABLE
BREED!



They were
VERY
rude
to you,
sir.

"Insufficient interest
in the breed in the
United States," eh?
We'll see
about that...









I wanna
lulaby.

Oh, do you?
All right,
Sweetheart.



Sweetheart!

Ugh... back already,
Unity? Sure didn't
take you long to
subdue those towns..



people



Yeah, okay,
so this
coulda gone
better

Nobody let
me nap
through any
more reconns!











Maybe we can't save the
dogsled racers. But we
~~can~~ prevent an outbreak
in Fairbanks.

How?

Okay, no helicopter.
But: mass vaccine
stockpiles. Probably
a day's lead.
And snow dogs.

Tip-

All you need
is a good
basket sled.

I promised
myself I'd
never do
a "Balto".

And I promised
I'd never do
a Terman, but
get sealed in
~~one~~ oil drum...

Hey, Nick,
sorry for
leaving
you out
here.

Yeah, that's my
thing, chilling here
while **HOLY CAB
DOOR WHERE
ARE HER ARMS.**



Vegetable. The thing is,
crisper!

make a sled run
to Fairbanks. We'll
be gone at least
48 hours.



While were
away, try
to radio
Black Ops
in D.C. to -

Wait wait wait.
Y'all's taunting
crash me, you
snap my rotor,
and now you're
leaving me buried
in a hill?



Do you
think he
needs a
blanket?

No!

... yes.





Yes,
me too,
Buddy.



What're you
talking
about?

I, um,
think we
should
vaccinate
Fairbanks.



And how much of
our vaccine reserve
will that
take?

Muffin says
all of it.



We need
it for the
pups! That
vaccine is
our pack's
future!

If the virus
hits a city,
there won't
~~be~~ a
future!



You're starving
my folksy
laid-back
charm,
Sweetheart.

Does it work
on me.
I was around
even you got
paper-
trained.









Forget the
sled run.
Buddy
sucked anyhow.
Let's just
vetoed it.
walk it there.



It's not just the
vaccine. We'll need
the Captain's
quantum atomizer to
blanket the city, and
that thing's huge.



Well... I
guess **I**
could
pull the
sled...
Not through
fresh snow.
No, I need
you on back
with a whip.



I changed
my mind.
Your plan
was boss.
Yeah, I took
your interests
into account.





Good question. I can't believe I thought coming home would mean anything to anyone.



Oh yeah, except for Tip -



Well, time to check
on our ticking
werewolf
time bomb.

I'm on
point.



Okay, but don't shoot
without my go-ahead.
We don't even know if
trang ammo will work, so
guns are our last resort.



WHAT YOU SAY

La la shoot la la.
Order order stern voice
order. La la ammo
la la guns. **KILL KILL**
KILL (Popsicles!) **KILL**.



WHAT YOUR UNDEAD
BLOWUPON HEARS

Are we
clear on
this?

Popsicles!





Something's happened...
something **hilarious**...

I...
I...

Tip, calm d—

AEEEEEE!

Tip!

Tip?

This
camisole is
permanently
stretched
out!

That's it.
I'm letting him
out so I can
kick his ass.

Go
for it.

Didja ever see "Jaws"?
Everybody thinks it's
brilliant that you wait
a whole entire hour
before you see Jaws.



But they only did it that
way 'cause they had such
a crappy shark model.
Same with "Alien." It's a
dude in a
lame suit,
y'know?



That's the deal with
all monster movies!
The monster always a
letdown 'cause it's not
as scary as the ~~idea~~
of the monster



Sorry
to
disappoint.

Y'know what
you are?
You're a
physwood shark!







He's a lot
tittler than
the
werewolves
we saw.

Stop
that.

They get
bigger
as they
feed.

And fiercer. Near as
we can tell, the victims
lose intelligence and
self-control with
each transformation.

So how
long
do
I...?

Some hold out
longer than
others, but I
think most of
you are feral
within a month.

So long enough
to catch
the spring
collections.

Tip...

No, that's
good.
Gives
him
something
to fight
for.



You're alive on my say-so, wolf. I see so much as a raised hackle, I paint the floor with your innards.

Roger.



Okay, enough dominance games. Sparkle, you and I are going out to get some wokies. Excuse me? Was that an order?



We need to talk about overtaking corporate freemasonry.



You want ~~my~~ help with the humanity issue?



No, I want a bitch about your husband.



Okay, yeah, I'm in.









Just
you there?

Tip

slowly

ice
cream

Alright
I'm not iceing especially

Okay good

recesses or
distal or
anything

Scarf about
the
quarant no.
at we had
10 or



I'm also no
feeling especially
bipedal.

CHAK! into a chair
Gotta put the
sid boot
down

Just
100
soon

Um

What?





Sparkle, why is Buddy head of the pack? You won the fight for alpha.

Sure. But I couldn't get the pack to obey me.



People like Buddy. They follow him. I decided to give him the title and put his talents to good use.



Sweetheart! You won't believe this, but once I explained your plan, **all** the females got on board!



You make a strong case.

Accept it. No one appreciates us uneasy authoritarians.







What the heck is going on here?

Sled run's a go. Woo, humans.



Hah?

The pack's female power base succumbed to Tip's charms.



Sparkle!

Off in the woods with him as we speak.



And we didn't rip this guy's throat out when he turned into a wolf ~~why?~~

Believe me, I'm asking myself that.















The lone dog again
presents us with a
puzzle of the animal
kingdom.



Why, when she's
been grouching for
days about not
being in charge..



...has she run off
to be alone rather
than actually
make a decision?



Because
command
is a bitch,
Afterborough.

And why is
she so bad
at finding
any privacy?





Lil' Tip

SO
LIL' TIP. DO
YOU WANT TO
HEAR ABOUT
KOREA AGAIN?

YES,
GREAT UNCLE
KLINGER











Wha-
now-

Sweetheart!
Glad you could
make it out!



The last holdouts
are demanding a
recount, but I think
the results are clear.



Did you
or did you
not just have
a vicious
dogfight?

Well, our
second
debate
got pretty
hair-y.



**HOW DID YOU
EVEN PRINT
THESE
BANNERS?**

Course,
I'm pretty
hair-y, so I
guess it's
okay.







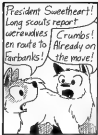


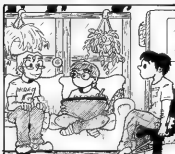














Sweetheart wants these traces tight, and you've got the only thumb in a 30-mile radius.

Roger.

Ah - ~~conf~~ - that's cutting off circulation. A tad looser, okay?

Okay, sheesh.

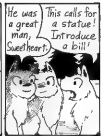
And go easy on the signal whip. It's mostly for your amusement anyway.

Anything else, Your Highness?

Yes. Please never repeat this conversation.

Dunno why people use dogs for this. They talk ~~way~~ too much.







Courage, coursers!
In the words of
the esteemed Francis
Bacon, "Nothing is
terrible except fear
itself!"



Isn't
that
FDR?

No, I
think it's
Bacon.



C'mon!
That's
not
Bacon!

It's
Bacon!

Bacon!

Bacon,
Bacon,
Bacon!



In the words of the
esteemed Anonymous,
"All the nuts
roll south."



It's
Bacon!



All right, good hustling,
team. Break for ten,
that's **ten**, not
twelve. Clear?

Yes, Miss
President!

Unity, undo my
traces and check
for snarls.
I'm
chafing.

Yes,
Miss
President!

Tip, spirits are high
but I need 'em
higher. I want morale
that endangers
low-flying
planes.

I'll see
what I
can do.

I'm sorry,
Dr. Ullton,
was that a
"Yes, Miss
President?"

I've created
a monster.

Babe was
born a
monster.

How're the
troops holding
up, Dr.
Wilkin?

Er...
"Tip"
is fine.

Sorry.
Just
being
leaden.

The aurora's
amazing.
Is that
normal?

It's really
bright.
Probably
those
sunspots.

Wish I
could see
more color
right now.

Well, here
we are.
Cold, tired,
and hunted
by wolves.

I don't
think I've
ever been
so happy.

I know.



Look, I'm sorry about
the whole Sparkle
thing.

I understand.



It's just... thinking
about it makes me
want to
kick over
some
coffee.

Strike that.
I ~~don't~~
understand.



That's
okay.



By the way,
there's this thing
you should know
about called
catal lock—

I'm not
going
to sleep
with
Sparkle!



You complain about the pack... but you've missed them, haven't you?

Hrmp... sometimes.



I guess it's nice to have family out there. Look at poor Unity... as far as I know, she's the only one of her kind...



Wasn't there a U.N. resolution ensuring that?

Yeah, they had this secret tribunal thing. We don't like to talk about it.





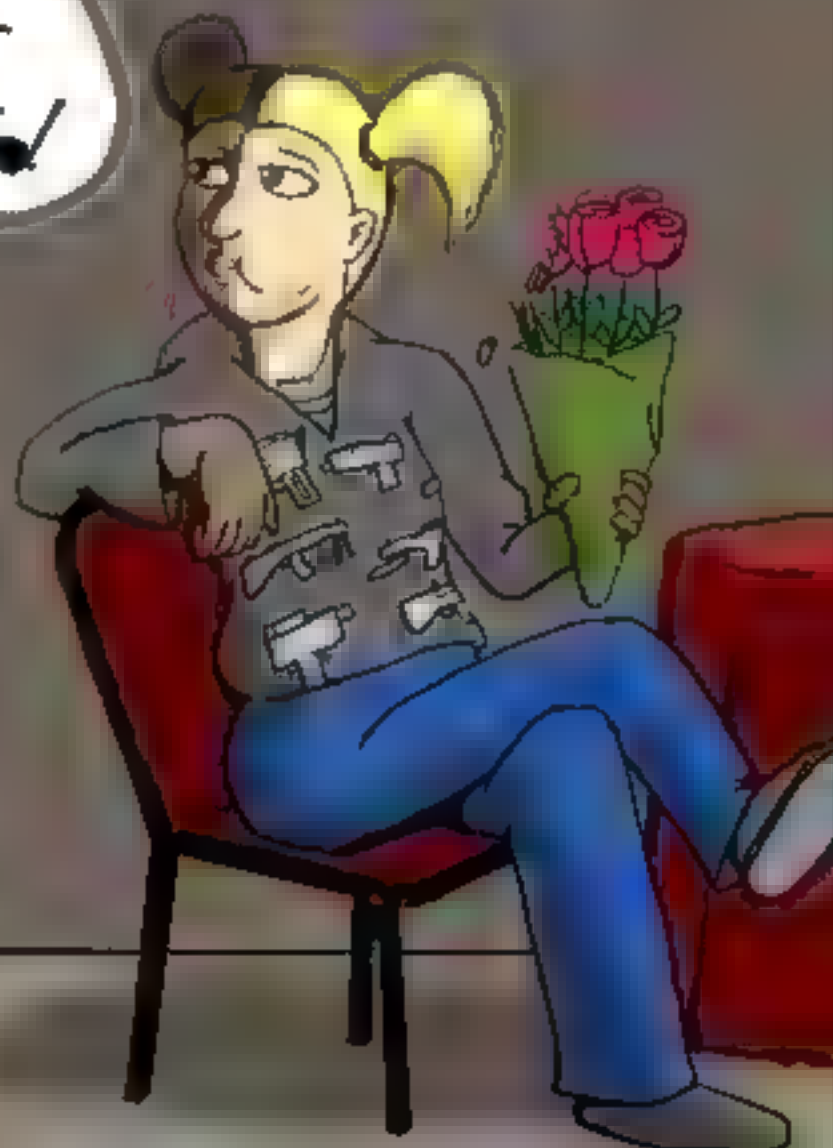


THURSDAY IS

KARAOKE NIGHT



OH-O-OH, SWEET
CHILD O' MINE ...



Gedon 2009







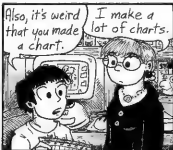








	SKIN HORSE	PARADISE SHIRT	KING OF RATS	FRANK MAN	END-TOWN	DAR	ACEBOY
TALKING ANIMALS	✓				✓		
TALKING VEHICLES	✓				✓		
JEROMOLVES	✓	✓		✓			
GOVERNMENT AGENTS	✓	✓					✓
JAWS	✓		✓	✓			
GRANDSES	✓		✓			✓	✓







CHANGE OF PLANS!
EVERYBODY WHO
CAN STILL PULL THE
SLED, PULL!



C'mon, Tip!
We've gotta
get out
of here!

I have
to talk
to Julie!



Your girlfriend is
not talk-to-able
right now!
You come
with us!

Is that
an order?



No!
It's just
me
shouting!

It's hard
to tell
sometimes.



OKAY! You **ALL**
have the **RIGHT**
to **REMAIN SILENT!**

If you elect to **GIVE**
UP that right, I
WILL RIP OUT YOUR
DAMN THROATS A
SECOND TIME.

Julie?

Tip!

Tip, oh hell,
look at me.

Trust me,
it's not
my most
awkward
post-date
breakfast.

Do I have
werewolf
on my face?
I do,
don't I?

I had the town on a tight leash until the Guard showed up. Goddamn Willoughby.



Second the sergeant gets infected, people start following **him** instead of **me**.



He kicked me out of Paradise, and now he's got daylight wolves running roughshod over Creation.



Have you tried replacing him by democratic process? We've torn each others' throats out twice.



You were supposed to stay put in town.

I wasn't keen on becoming a sexy nude buffet.



I had you locked safely away?

You cuffed me to a bed in a town full of werewolves to protect me?



Julie, I'm going to be blunt and suggest you might think you have more control over this situation than you, in fact, do.



This is you being blunt.

About as blunt as I typically manage.





So why
aren't you
like these
guys?

What, ripped
open with my
guts spilling
out?

You talk.
You don't
have the
mindless
rage thing.

'Cause
I
embrace
what I
am.

Most people fight
it, deny it,
disbelieve it.
The tension drives
them loco.

I usually
recommend
one of those
squeeze
ball things.

Mindless
rage is an
underrated
stress
reliever.



Look at you.
You're
beautiful.
You wear it
so naturally.

Er, thanks...
but there's
nothing
natural
about this.



Trust me, Tip.
You're closer to
what's real now
than... hold on.



**FURK
STURK
SWAP**

SPLAT.



Sorry, saw
some tracheas
knitting
back there.

May we
go back to
talking
about how
attractive
I am?



Julie, come with us. We've got people working on a cure. Why would I want a cure for what I am?



This isn't an identity. It's a ~~virus~~. And it's using you. I've got it under control!



Just like in Paradise? Mistakes were made. From now on I'll make werewolves the natural way.



I don't think you meant that the way it sounded. Oh yes I did.



Come away
with me, Tip.
Just the
two of us.

I....
Julie,
I can't...



You ~~can~~.
It's so
easy to
go wild.

It sounds...
perfect.
Dammit, I
know that's
the virus
talking...



And you don't ~~need~~
non-procreative
sex, do you?



Get me
out of
this
hellhole.

Chon, I'll
be in the mood
at ~~least~~ two
weeks a year!





Last leg to Fairbanks!
Nothing's gonna
stop us!



You guys go on.
I got
this one.

Unity,
don't-



Get that vaccine to the
city. I'mo stay and
do what I
do best.

...Okay.
I trust
you.



Let's talk
about food.



Maybe this isn't the best time, Willoughby, but I was wondering if you wanted to get dinner again sometime.



RRARGH
Ever since you got me steak I've had crazy feelings. I'm so twisted up I can't tell what's-



Okay, little more back on solid ground now.









So our secret federal agency just sprayed a city with a quantum-projected experimental vaccine.

Looks like.

Are we the embodiment of right-wing paranoia, or what?

Speak for yourself, naked transvestite.

JPC

SKIN HORSE CHARACTERS (C) SHAENON GARRITY
AND JEFFERY CHANNING WELLS

OUTTA CHIPS I'M RAIDING THE CUPBOARD
YOU WANT ANYTHING, SPARKLE?

I'M FINE, HON. GO KNOCK
YOURSELF OUT



HUMAN/SPARKLE



HUMAN/BUDDY



HUMAN/MUFFIN

Well, that's done it.
For better or
worse.

Yup.



The city of
Fairbanks is
safe from
lycanthropy.

Yup.



Now we just have
to take care of
the existing
wolves.

Yup.



Might've wanted
to do that
first, really.

We were
on a tight
schedule.



Well, team, looks like it's
time for a last stand.



You've all exceeded
expectations, and no
matter what happens
next we've won
the day.



All we can do is
show these bastards
a little slice of
hell before -



Before the cavalry saves
your sausage
packs, yeah.



I had
such a cool
speech going.



Yeah, finally
got through to
Black Ops.
The Guard fixed
me right up



I need
clothes.

Tryin' real
hard not to
notice that,
Wilkin.



Muffin's cleared Tip
to leave tomorrow.
Your wife's more than
happy to take over the
pack from me.



1000-00000

We're going to need
the mother of all
debriefings. You're
after this leaving
fiasco... as again?



This isn't my
home anymore, Buddy.
And I think I'm
finally square with
the Captain.



So before you
head out...

Rats.



Still "no,"
Buddy.











Final addendum.
Paradise seems to have
returned more or
less to normal.



Its residents have,
at best, hazy
memories of
the virus.



Still, the crisis
has left them with
a new sense of
communal unity.



Dude, I hella snatched
your cookie!



So to speak.
—Field Commander
(Emeritus) Tip Wilkin

Well, Gaudie's
given us
worse
chewings-
out.

Back to
the grind.
What a
letdown.



For a few days there,
I was part of the
nonhuman community!
But I don't feel like
I got the
experience.

For
Pete's sake,
Tip!



You and your identity
politics! I'm sure
the "nonhuman
community" will be
happy if we learned
a little something.



There were ~~so~~
many places
I could've
licked
myself.

Shoulda
eaten dudes
while you
had the
chance.

hrrmph.





After a pause, but
not a long pause...

Ursula, I received
this report by
mistake.

Oh?

It's for
the germ
warfare
division.
I'm in
Cyber-
netics.

Whoops!
I'll take
it over to
the Viral
wing!

Yes, please,
if you-
Hold on.
What's this
about Skin
Horse?

Ma'am,
I don't
think you're
meant to
read that

No. I'm
sure I'm not.

Things go
briskly...



Autumn to winter,
winter into spring.



Spring into summer,
summer into fall—



So rolls the changing
year, and so
we change.



Some of us get more
into it than others.





I'm pleased to see every one on hand for our staff meeting. Can you hear us up there, Nicholas?

Word.

Let's begin by going over standard levels of clearance. As you know, we handle quite a bit of classified information.

You may encounter questions to be dealt with here, questions you can take to other departments in the

Room One

WHO THE HECK IS TIP'S GIRLFRIEND?

...and questions best left scrawled in the ladies' room, thank you.

And what's he using for bubblegum? These girls puggle like the real thing!

friend.

I bet it's
Wendy from
Jetpack
Suppression.

Gerda from
Cryonics!
Chick's hot!

I would
either of
you be so
kind as to
second me?

Tip
didn't want
you this
morning?

Alas, I fear Miss
Riley from the
Tr-Radiation
Department has our
Tip rather
Distracted.

Oh, right,
Marcie!

Maybe **Marcie**
knows who Tip's
girlfriend is!

Lets ask
her!

No,
really,
I ~~going~~
need to
be wound-







ZOMBIE
RIGHTS
CAMPAIGN
ZOMBIE OF
THE YEAR
2009



UNITY
SKIN HORSE
ZOMBIE OF THE YEAR 2







Skin Horse!
Project Skin Horse!
It's headquartered
in this building!



I've already
cleared it
with Gwolle.
The director?

Sorry, miss...
got a little
trouble with
the old
memory...

Hey!



Virginia, right?
How long's
it been?



You're not
the only
one,
sir.

I ~~know~~ there
was someone
I'd been meaning
to call for six
months!

Oh, for —
Now Tip's got ~~two~~
women to distract
him.



Welcome to another
day in beautiful
Slackoffington,
population: everyone
but **me**.



Oh, Miss Sweet-Heart,
Tip wishes to inform

That he'll be
spooning for the
remainder, I know,
I know!



Y'know, it's not easy
being the only one who
pays attention!

Aligam, he
merely —
And nobody
listens to
me!







Well. Erm.
I'm Dr.
Virginia Lee.
Neurosurgeon
and cyber-
neticist.

Dr. Marcella
Riley.
Nuclear
physicist.



I'm
Tip!



We're
above
this,
aren't
we?

Let's
get
coffee.

I'm a
psychob-
gist!
That's
pretty good!









Look, I know this thing
with Tip won't last.
I know what he's
like.

But you're,
er, having a
good time?



Sure... and I've been
carrying a torch for
another guy since
forever. Time to
accept he's not into
me and move on.



Actually, I
think seeing
me with Tip
may have made
him a little
jealous...

Oh, Tip's
great
for
that! Men
hate him.



Why the heck am I
included in the girl talk?

Case in
point.

Do you not
want to be the
coffee nook?





understand.

look, I'm
sorry about
the whole
Sparkle
thing.



It's up
to me to help
about Jay & her people
me want to kick over
some
off so



Okay
strike
that
I don't
understand -



By the way
here. this thing
you should know about
- red coat etc -

I'm not going
to be exp
into Sparkle

That's
okay



Hey, Dr. Lee.
You ever hear of
a dude called
Goldbug?

What?

Some hacker jacked
me outta the VR
yells had me in.

Username Have you
Goldbug. told anyone
this?

Nah. I
figured
you'd be
more
help.

Nick, your
teammates are
trained in special
ops. They have
unique skills for
handling a crisis.

And if I need a bikini
wax, a game of fetch,
or somebody's arms
ripped off,
I'll call
'em.

Yes, all right,
I'll look
into it.



10-4
Dr. Lee.



Yeah, yeah, you're the ^{evil} scientist what stole my brain.



Uh, Nick... that'd be .



Er, I'll call you.





Look, we
can't all
be ladies'
men, okay?

You're selling
yourself short,
Chris. You've
got a lot of
potential.



The right haircut
could do wonders,
and you've got height.
A lot of men would
love to be that tall.



Would
you?

Lord, no.
I'd never
find capris
in my size.

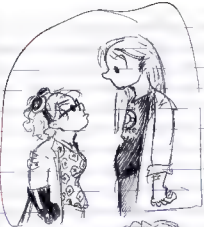


How am I
losing a contest
of manliness
against you?

As it is,
I had to
let these
hems ~~hang~~
out.

















Anasigma has records on your recent assignment in Alaska. Detailed records.

How'd they get something like that?

I don't know. Nor do I know why we're interested. But you should know you're being monitored.

Covert forces are observing you, recording your darkest se-

Tell me they didn't mention my hair.

Must be in the follow-up report.

It wasn't my fault! The dog pack hadn't heard of leave-in conditioner!





Anyway, I could easily ask the same of you. What is Skin Horse?



Huh? We're just a civil service bureau.

Oh yes? For a minor Black Ops department, you cross paths with Anasigma quite a lot.



That we're monitoring you at all should concern you. It means you have something we want.



If you want Nick back, I'm sure we can cut a deal...



Oh no! He's yours now!



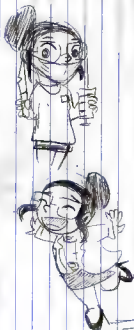




















thank you
for
connecting
me to the
device

No prob.
You gonna
sign this
thing?



you
seek a
remedy
for
death

Yup!
Just lookit
these
adorable
dead faces!



i pledge a
thousand pounds
sterling

Sweet!



YOU WILL
ALL NEED
IT
SOON

So a "pound"
is, like,
what,
Japanese?





LURCH for the CURE



Team in
TRAAAAAAAAAINing
2010





Fire drills.
Moustachio
bubbling.
oh, and Dr
Lee's here.

What?
She better
not get the
good
toys!

I'm telling
you, something's
really wrong
today.

Aw, babe.
That's just
your worry
part going
off.

Figures! Halfway through
eyeliner trial three,
the trating alarms
go off!

Something's
really
wrong
today.

~~Now~~ how
do I know
when to
wash this
gel out?
Well?





Let's just get Maintenance to straighten this out.

Yeah, good luck.



Fire drill means those guys're off having a smoke or something.

LURCH



SLAM

Alright! Floor captains, get your people under the mezzanine! Crew chiefs to me!



Does "or something" mean "valiantly staying off chaos?"

Hey! He shouts better than you, even!





Seriously, what's the deal, Mr. Silver?

I don't know, but I don't like it.



oh look look

Mustache?

i have created something beautiful



it is my very own
TARGET-RICH
ENVIRONMENT



I mean, weren't there going to be toys?

begin perishing on my mark

**UNITY!
DOWN!**



LURCH
for the
WICK
☹️👁️☹️





Nobody panic!
I'm a psychologist!

perhaps if i
drown them
in spirit
duplication
fluid

Mustache,
this is
Tip.
Can you
hear me?

doubtless
you wish
to delay
conquest
and/or beg
for your
lives

it
comes to
naught

the
old war
is upon
us

LUNCH
TIME

ahahahahahahahaha

That's it.
I'm getting
out my
puppets.

Please
think of
a way to
kill us!

GRC

No response from Mustachio. The speakers must be one-way.

I can't contact Gavotte.



Doors leading upstairs are locked now, too.

Wireless is down.



I'm hungry.

I got a man on my tail!



I have a gambling problem.

Focus, people! Focus!

I'm gay.







IS THAT
THE ACTUAL—

OH YES.

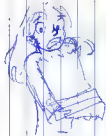
SO HOW MUCH
DID YOU—

I DIDN'T.
I MEAN—
NOT WITH
MONEY.

OH
GOOD GRIEF.



- When I Grow Up
- The Shadow Government
- Men in Black
- Green Line
- Degrees Freedom Man
- Cherry Lips
- A Hundred Times a Day
- The Animal
- Lomax
- Fly by Night
- So on is My Mother
- Radio Songs
- Original of the Species
- When I Am Older
- My You, Dear Things





Garotte, can
talk to you
more?



Are you
wrest, or is g
my decision,
Sweetheart?



No! No
It's just -



This may be the
time to
disclose that the
mission involves
a colony of
sapient canids

Oh.
Oh.

I thought you
might prefer not
to be the one
making certain
difficult
decisions

It's
going
to involve more than
who gets first
walkies,
isn't it?



More along the
lines of who
are the six
missing Natural
Guardsmen
I'm afraid.

Alaska! Bah!

At least we'll
travel in style.

We've got a black
helicopter!

You know what that makes us?
An officially
intimidating
secret government
organization!

Take that!
I'm sending
the
Pineapple down!

I'll tell
you what
I made.
And don't
look at our
cards.

I do
not!

Not,
we know
you got
ke
Teyes.

Oh fudge
no, dude.
Don't fly over
and me in
the Alps.

Mur dangle

you can't be
hanging out with
Chris & Matt



that's all you
can do

it's not really
that hard
where people
hang around
talking to you
and hanging.

you prefer
reading
friends



you're
d' smug
about
it.

i'm not i'm not.
A truly I don't
have
many
friends
right



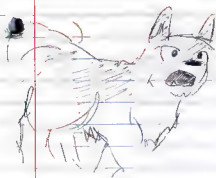
You
don't
get out

no, most of the
time
with an electric string of
beautiful
women
around
you.



I hate
you





③ Carriage & Godspeed
 'coursers' in the words of
 the esteemed Francis Bacon



Common
 There's
 not Bacon

It's
 Bacon

~~No~~
 Bacon

Bacon
 Bacon, r
 Bacon

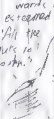


Isn't
 that
 FDR?

No, it's
 the Bacon



In the
 words of the
 esteemed Anonymous
 'All the
 nuts in
 the nut.'



It's
 BA. ON!





PUBLIC LIBRARY
FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

← Opening credits
to
Marilyn's
Romance



NOT BAD, BUT I WAS HOPING
FOR SOMETHING WITH A LITTLE
MORE DIGGING POWER...



HUMAN SWEETHEART!

HEY, SO YOU'RE A WEREWOLF AND A
THERAPIST TOO? WOW! WE HAVE
SO MUCH IN COMMON WITH EACH OTHER!

NOT REALLY.

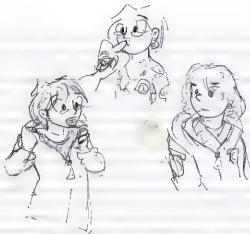


JP Chalk











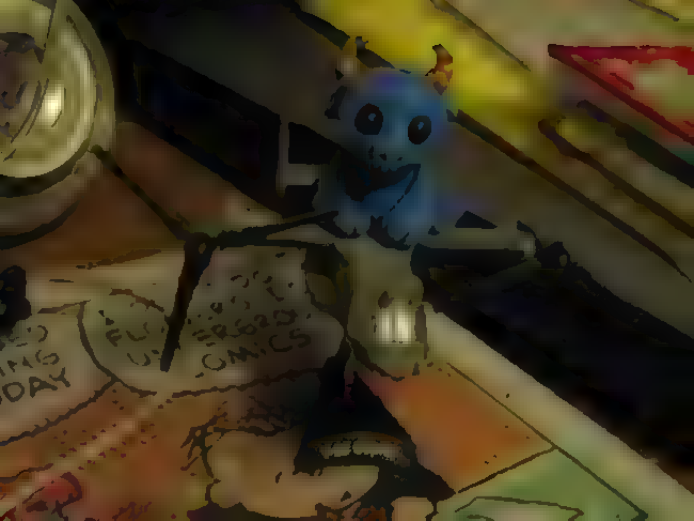




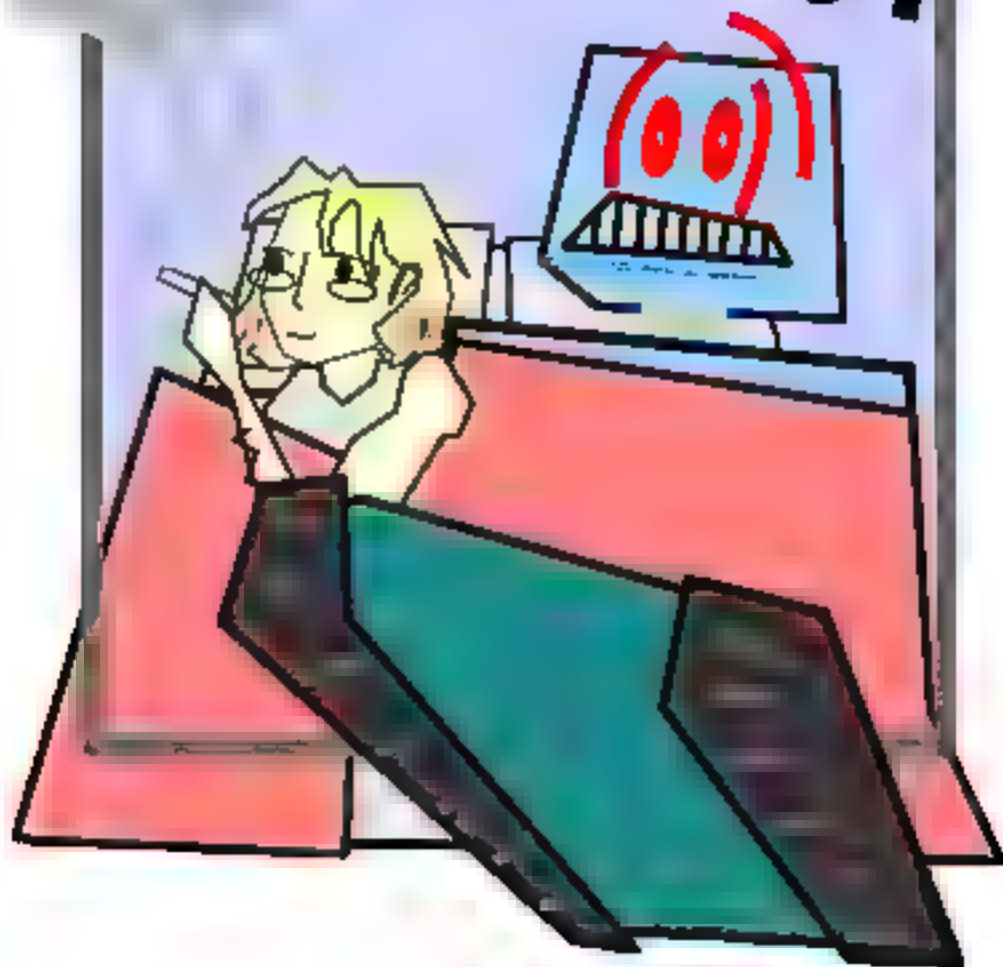
Could I
be relocated
abreast of my
nourishment.



Mustachio



“DIPLOMACY”

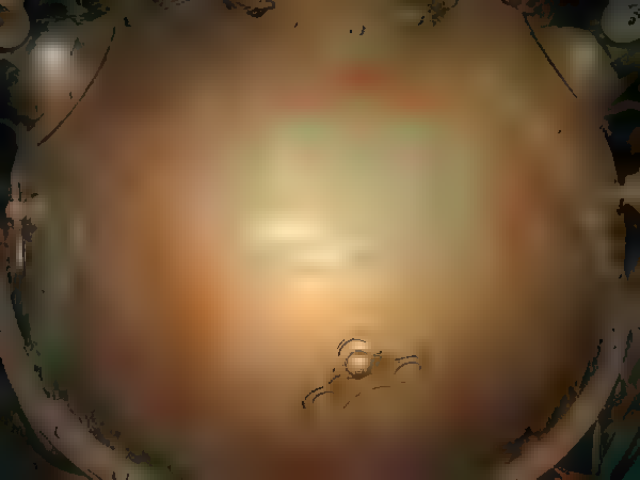












3. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.



You may encounter questions that should only be dealt with by Sen. Some questions you can take to other departments. - Answer One



WHO THE HECK IS TIP, GIRLFRIEND?

I'd like to start by going over some of the standard level of clearance & our department.

As you know we rank: Auto, B + G, classed information



And questions bit + + + scrawled on the wall of the girl's room, thank you.



And what's he ~~up~~ for boobyage? These girls jiggle are the real thing!

↑
I vote this, while drunk, I am awesome.

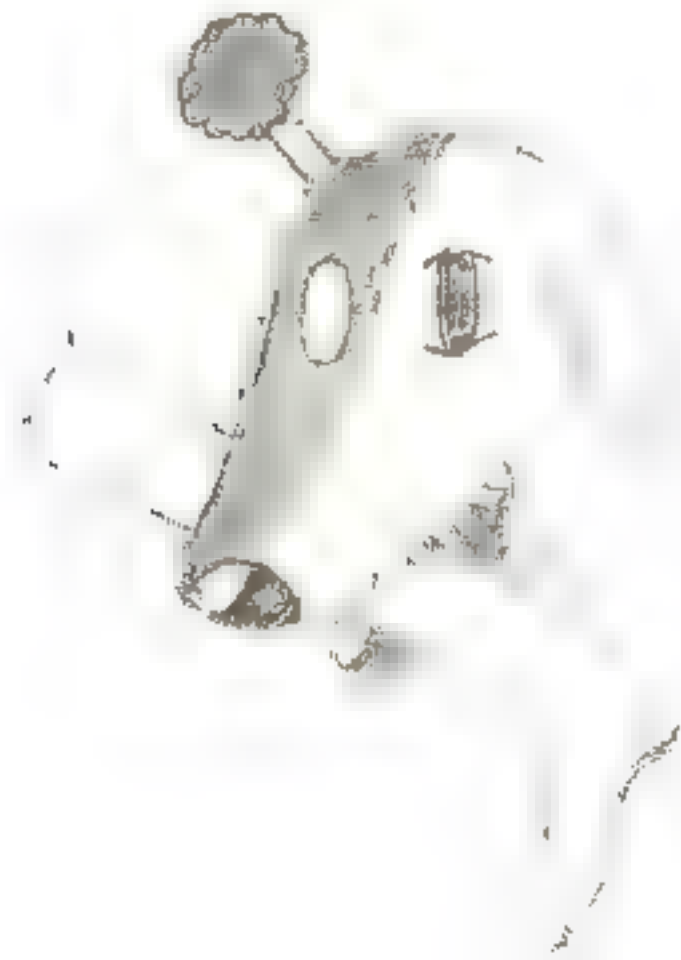




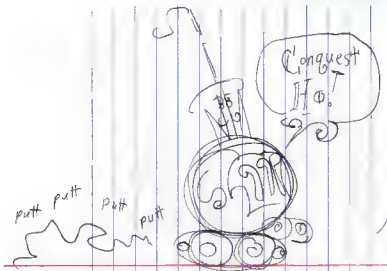
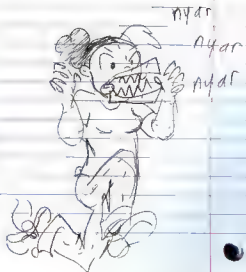




LEG
SWEEP!!!



U.N.I.T.Y.



Okay, how bad
is it?

① You can
tell me.



Ua. Erk.
Unity?



What?
What's wrong?
How bizarre
do I look?



Okay,
I want to
talk to
you alone.



Okay.

Cute!
Please!

Okay, what's the prob-
~~lem~~



He's
gorgeous.



Yeah, he's like that
as a human, too. He just does it
~~to be annoying~~ to be annoying.



~~I usually~~ I usually
like 'em domesticated,
but hoo mama!



He's a
lot littler than
the werewolves
we saw.

Stop
that.

They get
bigger as
they feed.

So how
long do
I...?

Some hold out
longer
than
others,
but I think most
of you are totally feral
within a month.

And fiercer. Near
as we can tell, the victims
lose intelligence & self-control
with each transformation.

So long
enough to
catch the
spring collections
from
New
York.

Tip... No, that's good.
Gives him
something to
fright
for.

LURCH
for the
CURE



メ
ア
リ

グ

